

# WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

**During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay**

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the change of life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, B.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.



## THE EXCLUSIVE FEATHER SHOP

Buy your Ostrich Feathers at first cost from manufacturer to wearer. In any color to harmonize with your suit or gown.

Come and see our display and compare prices.

New Plumes made from your old discarded feathers. Having the atmosphere of newness and the freshness of strictly new feathers.

We handle them from the Ostrich Farm to your hat.

Cleaning, Curling and Dyeing.

**GEO. M. STADLER**  
Feather Dyer and Manufacturer  
1158 MAIN STREET

## Howard Watches

guaranteed; the best of time pieces on the market

**PARKER, Jeweler**  
9 ARCADE

**HALIBUT.....10c per lb**  
**SALMON.....10c per lb**  
**LEMONS.....10c per dozen**

**W. D. COOK & SON**  
523 WATER STREET

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

The annual stockholders' meeting of The Bridgeport Gas Light Company will be held at their offices, No. 799-801 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn., Tuesday, April 20, 1909, at 11:45 a. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and transacting any other business which may legally come before said meeting.

GEO. W. ROBERTS, Secretary.

## WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT HOTEL TULLER

New and Absolutely Fireproof  
Cor. Adams Ave. and Park St.  
In the Center of the Theatre, Shopping, and Business District  
A la Carte Cafe  
Newest and Finest Grill Room in the City

Club Breakfast .....40c up  
Luncheon .....50c  
Table d'Hotel Dinners .....75c  
Music from 6 p. m. to 12 m.  
Every Room Has Private Bath  
European Plan  
RATES: \$1.50 per day and up  
L. W. TULLER, Prop.  
M. A. SHAW, Mgr.

## CLEANING! CLEANING!!

Begin and have your house cleaned in the proper time. Chimney work a specialty.

## BRIDGEPORT HOUSE CLEANING BUREAU

Phone 1516-5. W. E. McKinnon, Prop.

## BERMUDA

England's most favored possession. An ideal climate with the most exquisite coloring of flowers, water, birds and fishes. Delightful drives, charming scenery. Absolute rest and quiet under balmy skies. A short, pleasant sea voyage, by a large new steamer. Golf, tennis, boating, fishing.

## HOTEL HAMILTON

OPENED DECEMBER 7

100 rooms, 100 baths, addition for this season. Most desirably located on high ground, overlooking harbor. A stone structure, with all the comforts and conveniences. Send for illustrated booklet and information to our New York Hotel "Arlington," 25th St. and Broadway. (A most convenient hotel to stop at on route.)  
Mrs. F. Ingold, Mgr., Hamilton Bermuda

No matter what you want try the Hotel Hamilton.

# LORD ATHLYNE

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(Continued.)

One person alone he took into his confidence; his solicitor. It was necessary that he should have a bank account opened in New York. Also that in case of any unforeseen accident it would be at least advisable to be able to explain his actions. When the solicitor remonstrated he explained his purpose and made a special request that he should not be subjected to any opposition. "I do not wish to be a nuisance," he said. The other shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. He arranged before he terminated the interview that his letters should be sent to him under cover to his new name at his bankers in New York. In due time an account for a large sum was opened there. When all was as complete as he could think of, he took a cabin in one of the French boats as he thought that in a foreign ship he would run less risk of running up against some acquaintance than would be likely on a British or American vessel.

He had hardly got clear of land when he began to realize in what a false position he had placed himself. He felt that any acquaintanceship which he could make might, possibly, lead to some intrusion. To those who took him in good faith and made friends he must either reveal his purpose or accept a false position, from which he might never be able to extricate himself. As the former was impossible, without creating a suspicion which would destroy his purpose, he had to take chance for the latter. The result was that he had to be aloof and unresponsive to any of the proffered friendship of the passengers. He did not press friendliness on him or even repeat their overtures. He felt this acutely, for he had been always in the habit of making friends. Such is one of the delights of travel, as all know who have been about the world. Those who once "rub shoulders" in a casual way often make acquaintanceships which ripen into friendships and are life-long. Perhaps this is from the fact that each case is taken from the first on his personal merits. There being no foreknowledge there cannot be any premeditation of purpose of gain of any kind. Like meets like, recognizes natural kinship; and union is the result.

When after a somewhat tedious and uneventful voyage he landed in New York he was altogether in a disappointed and discontented frame of mind. The acute cause of this was the filling up of the immigration paper which is so exhaustive as to demand to become inquisitorial. The answering of each question seemed to him like telling a lie—as indeed it was. As, however, he had nothing to declare and was without obvious objection he had no trouble. The only effect from the Customs examination was that he was not allowed to land until he had been examined by a British army. He was lucky enough to escape from the ranks of the journalists who make copy out of any stranger of distinction who land. His name was not sufficiently striking to even attract attention. He took quiet rooms high up in the "Manhattan" and for two days kept his own company.

The third day he went out. He walked through street after street, took trolley-cars and again "up town" and "down town" on the road. Crossed the ferries to New Jersey and Long Island, landed at Martin's and returned to Delmonico's and returned to his hotel without having made so far as he knew a step towards discovery. The only thing which he brought back was a slight knowledge of local geography. He had seen something of New York—from the streets; but except to ask his way from policemen or for food from foreign waiters he had not spoken to anybody.

The next few days he spent in walking about the streets. In summing up this afternoon he came to the conclusion that there was, for him, nothing so bad in Pretoria. All the time he felt with increasing force that he was a fraud, and constantly found himself evolving schemes as to how he could shed his incognito. The question of clubs alone made him unhappy. He had always been a clubbable man; in London he belonged to a number of the best. Whenever he had been in any city where there was a club it doors had always through the forethought of some friend been thrown open to him. Here was a city so full of those masculine refuges that it might be called the "City of Clubs." In every fashionable street was at least one, palatial place where men who were of the great circle met their friends. And yet he felt like the Peril outside the gates of Paradise. The feeling grew on him that he could not enter any one of them, even if he got the chance. How could he explain to men that he was not what he seemed—that he professed to be. Club-land is in some ways to men holy ground. Here they can afford to be natural—be true. Except the club laws, written or unwritten, there is no conventional demand. As a man who has grown old knowing little of any other life puts it: "In a club you can afford not to lie." It is presumed, by the way, that the speaker did not take a part in the conventional regarding episodes of fishing or bonnet fortunes.

He could not see any way in which he could even begin to make his inquiry; or he could not do so without any house he had seen. He became sorry he had ever thought of making the inquiry himself, that he had ever come at all. Dimly at the back of his thoughts was an intention to go back to London, resume his proper name, and then perhaps return in an upright way to a gentleman should still be a masterful man and did not like giving up. . . . He thought a ride would do him good. It would clear his mind and freshen him up. A horseman is never lonely so long as he has a horse.

He asked the hotel clerk where he would get one. The man gave him several addresses. Then he added: "By the way do you want to buy or only hire?"

"Either," he should say if I could get something exceptionally good."

"Then take my advice. Go up to Seventh Avenue to the right at the top of the Park. There is an auction there this morning of fine horses. You will I dare say get what you want; but you will doubtless have to pay for it."

"I don't mind that," he smiled as he spoke; he did not remember that he had smiled since he left London. The prospect of a horse brightened him up.

Before going to the Auction he called at the bank and drew out a handsome sum. In horse buying ready money is often a matter of importance.

At the Horse Exchange there was a good show, some of the horses being of real excellence. Prices ran high for these and competition was spirited. But he got what he wanted: a big "Blue Grass" thoroughbred well up to the weight. His warranty was complete. The Auctioneer at his request brought to him presently a lively man on whom he might, he said, depend; and with him he arranged for the proper keeping of the horse.

For a few days Athlyne was really happy. His horse was as good as it looked, and had evidently been trained by some one who understood him. His mouth was as fine as possible and he realized an infection of the voice.

Lord Athlyne rode well, and he knew it; and the horse knew it too from the first moment when his hand touched the bridle. After the first ride up the Riverside Drive the two became understanding friends.

The fact of the exercise on Lord Athlyne was to do away with his intention of trying to discover the identity of the offending lady. He would have been a long stretch of proper riding ground. There he let the black horse go, and the noble beast went along at a splendid pace. It was still little early, and the moon there were a good many pedestrians there, but few persons in carriages or "horsebacking," and so the "ride" was fairly good. Athlyne and his horse were a pair. The one jet black, full of fire and mettle, every movement, charged with power and grace; the other tall and slender, with a long neck and long spell of South African soldiering, as he moved as one. All eyes were turned on them as they swept with admiring glances from both women and men, each in their respective ways. Two park policemen, a sergeant and a constable, both finely mounted, were jogging quietly along. As the black horse came dashing up the roundsman said: "Still I stop him, sergeant?" The other looked on admiringly and answered quietly: "Guess not! 'Twould be a burnin' shame to stop the two."

They were not any nearer, they knew that they're doing, Halloran. They ain't goin' to ride down nobody. Did ye ever see a finer pair 'd bet the best of the Irish cavalry man. Look at the spring of him. Be the Lord I'd like to be in his shoes this minute!"

Among the few riders Athlyne passed on his course were an old man and a young woman. The man tall with a big white moustache, a haughty bearing and steely eyes under shaggy white brows. The girl tall and slim and graceful with black hair and big gray eyes. Both were fairly well mounted, but the latter was more restive and shying at anything. As the black horse came thundering along she had to use considerable skill and force to keep her from bolting. Athlyne had some time for a disconcerting as he swept by; but in that instant the face and figure became photographed upon his memory. The girl turned and looked after him; she was in the receptive period of her young womanhood when every man has a charm about him such as a noble figure and now presented is a power. With a sigh she turned and said to her companion: "That is the horse that we saw sold at the horse exchange. I was looking for whoever bought it. I'm not new; a man who can ride like that deserves him. Daddy, don't you think he is something like what a man ought to be?"

"You're right, little girl! But you'd better not say things like that to any one else but me; they mightn't understand. Joy made no answer but smiled to herself. During the hour or two that followed she chatted happily with her father. They had occasional canter and gallop and the road was too crowded when they went along more sedately. Whenever her father suggested turning back, she always pleaded for one more turn.

"Just one more, Daddy. It is so delightful here; and the river is so lovely." Of course she had no idea that old man and more true happiness in pleasing her than in any other way. In her heart, though she did not tell her father, for she felt that even he mightn't understand, she had a wish that the man on the black horse would return the same way. She had a feeling that he would.

After his ride Athlyne went quietly along the road past Grant's Tomb and followed the course of the Drive. Here he broke barrier; then after him a policeman whose horse the Tomb is erected. Below it is the valley of some old watercourse into the Hudson. This valley has been bridged by viaduct over Dutch the Drive continues in course up the side of the river for many miles. To-day however, it was necessary to make a detour, descend the steep on the hither side of the river and rise up the other side. Some settlement had affected the base of the up-river end of the bridge and it had given away. The rock which New York is based is of a very soft nature, and rots slowly away, so that now and again a whole front of a house will slide down a slope, and the underlying rock having perished. Not long before, this had actually happened to a group of houses in Park Row. Now the bridge had fallen away; the road ended abruptly, and below lay a great shapeless mass of twisted metal and stone. The near end of the viaduct was barred off with wooden rails, and in the centre was a great board with a warning that the thoroughfare was closed.

Athlyne rode up as far as the Up-Town Club, sat for awhile amongst the trees on the river bank and thought of many things. Amongst these of the girl with the gray eyes who looked so admirably at his horse—or himself. Perhaps he accepted the latter alternative for as his thoughts ran he smiled and stroked his big nose. When he rode towards town again he kept a sharp look out, unconsciously slackening speed when any old man and young woman rode towards him came in sight. He had ascended the eastern side of the valley, over which lay the broken viaduct, and commenced to traverse the curved road leading up to Grant's Tomb when he heard a sudden shouting on the road in front and saw a rush of people to both sides and up the road. An instant after a mounted constable appeared urging his horse to a gallop as he cried out: "Clear the road! Clear the road! It's a run-away!"

Instinctively Athlyne drew to the roadside, a double purpose in his mind; to keep the way clear as directed, and to be able to render assistance if possible. The noise and cries drew closer and there was on the hard road a thunder of many hooves. Then round the curve swept a brown mare dashing madly in a frenzied gallop—the neck stretched out and the eyesaming. The woman who rode her, a tall girl with black hair and great gray eyes, sat easily, holding her reins so as to be able to use them when the time should come. She was in full possession of herself. She did not look frightened, though her face was very pale. Behind her but a little way off came two mounted policemen, the old man with the big white moustache. Other men variously mounted came hurrying in the background; beyond them a whole long series of horse vehicles and motor cars.

As he saw her Athlyne's heart leaped. This was the girl whose face he attached him; his time had come quicker than he had dared to hope. He shook his reins and started his horse, spurring him with his heels as he did so. If he was to be of service he should be able to keep at least equal pace; and that would require a quick start for the runaway was going at a great pace.

And then a great fear fell on him, not for himself but for the girl. He knew what perhaps she did not, that

the viaduct was broken, and that her course lay down the steep roadway to the bottom of the little valley. He rode in earnest now; the sloping curved road was so short that if he was to stop the mare the effort should be made at once. He rode close by her, his powerful horse keeping pace almost without effort, and said quietly to the girl: "Try to hold her in if ever so little. There is a steep road which as you must go down. The viaduct is broken and the road barred."

"I can't," she said, "she has the bit in her mouth and she's shied. Her heels sharply and the black horse bounded forward. The girl saw the movement and understood: "Take care," she said quickly. "One policeman tried that and was thrown over, he may be killed." As she spoke, the words died on her lips; they had rounded the curve and the danger of a dash down the steep incline with a maddened mare, or a dash against the barrier cutting off the viaduct.

But the woman had no choice; the maddened mare took her own course down the steep roadway, she shied and went straight for the barrier. This was made of heavy balks of timber below, but the rails above were light. There she broke through and she dashed; hurling a cloud of broken rails and splinters right and left. The girl had nerved herself to the effort when she had seen that was coming and held up as at a jump on the hunting field.

The moment that Athlyne had realized the situation he too was ready. Seeing that the mare was heading for the right side of the barrier he went for the left, and they leaped together. The instant they had landed on the other side he was ready to spring and rode the mare. Ahead of them was the chasm—with death beneath. The girl saw it and her pale face grew ashy white. Athlyne riding level and holding his reins in his left hand, hurriedly cried: "Loose your stirrup and when I get my arm around you take hold of my collar with your left hand. Then try to jump to me as I pull you towards me."

The girl loosened her boot from the stirrup and let go her reins, bending towards him as his arm went round her waist and catching his collar as directed.

"Go!" he cried and she sprang towards him as well as she could. He drew her towards him with all his strength, and as she came he pulled at the pommel of his saddle. She knew what she had to do: to leave his right hand free, so she clasped both her arms round his neck. He pulled at his reins with all his might—it was two lives now—and cried to the horse. The noble animal seemed to understand and threw himself back on his haunches.

He stopped only a few yards from the open chasm, into which the mare went with a wild scream. Athlyne slid from the saddle, holding the girl in his arms. As the terrible danger came to an end her eyes closed and she lay senseless to the ground.

Then the danger!

Through the barrier, which appeared to melt away before them, came a rush of people. Some were on horseback, some on foot, others in buggies, carriages, motor cars. Foremost came Colonel Ogilvie who leaped the road descending, circling round the edge of which had manifestly been trained to timber. At last several mounted police fearing that some terrible accident might occur from the crowd on the viaduct ranged themselves in front of the opening and protected it till the coming of a sufficient number of mounted men, on foot and panning, had arrived to hold it.

(To be Continued.)

**Doctors' Latins.**

At its best it must be admitted that doctors' Latin is in the words of a distinguished professor, "doggy and mediseal." For our own part we would go so far as to say that it is more "doggy" than mediseal. At its worst it is a monstrous horridum with which no respectable dog would own kinship.—British Medical Journal.

**Clings Before Breakfast.**

"The proper time to test a cigar or stogie is in the morning before breakfast," said a tobaccoist. "Naturally, early in the morning is not healthy, but it is very discriminating. Try by smoking samples of your favorite brands in the early morning and you can depend upon your judgment."—Pittsburg Press.

**Triumph of Art.**

Miss Peachley (exhibiting her new hat)—I know you won't like it. Miss Tartan—But I do, dear. I never saw anything more artistic than that arrangement of the flowers. It hides the shape of it beautifully.—Chicago Tribune.

**Just Like the Little Inn.**

Teacher—How many commandments are there, Sally? Sally—Please, teacher, ten. Teacher—Suppose you were to break a commandment. (Impressive pause.) Sally—Then there'd be nine.—Punch.

**Owned Up.**

Reid—I saw a picture up at the exhibition of a cart drawn by a donkey. Greene—Yes; it was. I drew it.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Taming a Rat.**

A trapped rat may easily be tamed by allowing no water but that offered in a spoon for the creature soon learn to recognize the hand which supplies this all important necessity.

**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsy, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also have the power of regulating the bowels, stimulating the liver and regulating the blood. Even if they only cured

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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**A Wonderful Sensitive Plant.**

An incident related by the author of "The Pearl of India" in his description of the flora of Ceylon is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa, or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether the plant has intelligence. The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family on the broad piazza which formed the front of the bungalow of a coffee plantation recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa."

The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shaking from contact with the pretty child.

"Now," said the host, "will you touch the plant?"

Rising to do so, he approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger."

**A Bridge of Crocodiles.**

A travel writer of a post in north-western India: "The great sight of Karachi is the sacred crocodile preserve at Magar Pir, some seven miles off. There are hot springs here which feed a shallow tank containing nearly a hundred crocodiles. The story, usually thought to be fictitious, of the Englishman who for a bet crossed the tank by jumping successively from the backs of these crocodiles is based on fact. The hero of this foolhardy feat was a certain Lieutenant Beroford, a friend of Sir R. F. Burton. When Burton and his companion were visiting the crocodiles' tank they noticed that these reptiles and certain lajeets or reeds happened to make an almost continuous bridge across the tank. This prompted the daring subaltern to hazard the feat of crossing by hopping from one crocodile to another. To the amazement of the spectators he succeeded in this apparently mad attempt. Sir Richard Burton had already successfully performed an equally daring feat. He managed to muzzle a crocodile by means of a lasso and then jumped on the reptile's back and enjoyed a somewhat zigzag ride."

**Inside Your Bones.**

People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. As a matter of fact, there are blood vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. During amputation of a limb much more pain is felt when the bone is attacked than when the flesh is being cut through. Through the marrow which is inside the bones run the nerves and blood vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes. Nature adapts the bony structure of various animals to their habits in a very interesting manner. Sluggish creatures, like the sloth, have solid bones, whereas the bones of the deer and the antelope are relatively light, so that they may run fast, and the leg bones of the ostrich are hollow. You will find in the bones of any skeleton the application of mechanical principles which have only become known to man through the processes of laborious and long considered invention.

**A Finger Pillory.**

The finger pillory is still preserved carefully in the parish church of St. Helen Ashby-de-la-Zouch and is thus described: "An ancient and rather singular curiosity is a finger pillory. This instrument seems to have been used for the punishment of disorderly persons during divine service. It consists of two upright posts about three feet high, which support a beam of nearly the same length, in which are bored holes of various dimensions, cut first horizontally, then perpendicularly, in order that the first joint of the finger may be inserted and the finger retained in an angular form. The culprit is then secured by bringing down over the holes another beam which is attached by a hinge at the end to one of the posts and fastened at the other by a lock."—London Academy.

**Holding the Breath.**

It is a physical impossibility for a man to kill himself by holding his breath. Individuals differ greatly in the length of time they can hold their breath, and what practice and determined effort, combined with natural great lung capacity, can do in this direction is shown by the long periods for which champion divers can remain under water. If a man succeeded in continuing to hold his breath in spite of the physical discomfort in which he had placed himself the result would simply be to induce a state of coma. When this state was reached nature would reassert herself, and the breathing functions would again resume full activity, preventing a fatal issue in spite of their owner's desire.

**Mme. Scarron.**

Mme. Scarron, afterward the famous Mme. de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., was in her girlhood remarkably beautiful. She was dark, with piercing black eyes and wavy hair. In middle life her gravity of countenance and of deportment was considered quite extraordinary in that age of gaiety. One of her contemporaries said that she did not smile once a year, and yet she was not gloomy, but only of a sedate habit of mind.

**A Monster God House.**

In Mexico are found ruins of ancient Aztec teocallis, or "god houses," some of which are thousands of years old. One of these, near Cholula, is in the form of a truncated pyramid. Each side of the base of this pyramid is 1,423 feet, which is twice the length of the great pyramid of Egypt. The height of this Mexican wonder is 177 feet, and its base covers an area of forty-four acres.

People past middle life usually have some kidney or bladder disorder that saps the vitality, which is naturally lower in old age. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects urinary troubles, stimulates the kidneys, and restores strength and vigor. It cures uric acid troubles by strengthening the kidneys so they will strain out the uric acid that settles in the muscles and joints causing rheumatism. F. B. Brill, local agent.

**Want Ads Cent a Word.**

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Advertise in the Farmer.

# \$1 --TURKISH BATHS-- \$1

KEEP YOU IN PERFECT HEALTH AT  
**HOTEL ATLAS**  
Elegant Hotel Apartments Unsurpassed Grill Room and Cafe

## READY TO BEGIN TO TAKE ICE?

Then see to it that your ice this season is the Naugatuck Valley Hygienic—clean and pure

**Our Coal Pleases—Not once in a while—But always**

**THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.**  
421 HOUSTONIC AVE. Telephone 154  
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## Try Sprague's Extra

**ICE COAL WOOD**  
HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL  
Sprague & Coal Co.  
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge  
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Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL  
Telephone 481-6  
**BERKSHIRE MILLS.**

## IRA GREGORY & CO.,

Established 1847  
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Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

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ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER  
Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW  
THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY  
Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE  
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